



Returning from Market.

This man went to market to buy a fat pig,
And you see he has purchas'd a good one,
To drive him along he has got a nice twig,
With which he may take him to London.



The tuneful bird, who from his nest,
Ere yet well fledg'd is stol'n away,
With care attended, and carest,
Will sometimes sing the live-long
day.

60/5 THE 4/5

BIRD'S NEST;

OR, THE

HISTORY OF

LITTLE GEORGE.



DERBY:

PRINTED BY AND FOR HENRY MOZLEY,
BROOK-STREET.

Price One Penny.

THE

REPUBLICAN

OF THE

STATE OF

MARYLAND

DEBATE

DEBATE

PRINTED BY AND FOR THE AUTHOR,

DEBATE

DEBATE



THE BIRD'S NEST.

LITTLE George was fond of walking in a wood that bordered on his father's garden: now this wood was formed of little trees, placed very near each other, and two paths conducting through it, crossed. One

day, as he was sauntering up and down, he wished to rest himself a little, with his back supported by a tree, whose stem was yet quite slender, and which therefore shook through all its branches, when his body first touched it. As it chanced, the rustling frightened a poor little bird, which flew out of a neighbouring bush, and soon disappeared.

George saw it fly away, and was vexed. He fixed his eye upon the bush, to see if it would not return, and while he was attentively considering it, he thought he saw among the branches, at a spot where they

were twisted into one another, something like a tuft of hay. His curiosity induced him to draw nearer and examine it. He found this tuft of hay was hollow like a porringer: he thrust aside the branches, and saw certain little balls within it, of an oval shape, and spotted. They were placed beside each other, on a layer of grass. Sure this, said George, must be what I have heard some people call a bird's nest; and the balls are eggs. They are indeed quite little, but the bird is not so big as any of our hens.

It was his first design to carry

away the nest ; however, upon second thoughts, he was contented with one egg ; and having taken it, ran home. He met his sister by the way, and thus addressed her : “ See this little egg. I found it, in a nest : there were five others with it.” “ Let me have it in my hand,” said George’s sister. She examines it, returns it to her brother, and then asks a second time to have it. In the end, they roll it up and down a table, just as if it were a ball. One shoves it one way, and the other pushes it another way, till, in the midst of their diversion, it

falls down and breaks. They cry, and mutually accuse each other as the cause of such a great misfortune.

As it chanced, their mother hears them thus complaining: and not knowing why they weep, approaches to console them. Both begin at once. She hears their different stories, and then taking each affectionately by the hand, conducts them to a tree that overshadowed a green bank, on which she bids them both sit down.

Be comforted, dear children, said she. That you have broken the egg

between you both, is truly a misfortune ; but it is one however that should not much grieve you, since you did not mean to do so. I might notwithstanding blame you, George, with justice, for the act of having



brought it from the nest. You

must have seen hen's eggs disposed of in a sort of nest. The mother sits on, warms and animates them. Chickens in about three weeks are formed within them, and they pierce the shell. In some few days, they come and feed out of your hand. This egg would also have become a sort of chick, which you have killed by bringing it away. The bird that flew out of the bush as you inform me, was the mother. Doubtless she will come again, and very shortly, to her nest : she will perceive that one egg is wanting, and perhaps for-

sake it all together. This is frequently the case.

Perhaps this loss of but a single egg, informs them that their asylum is discovered; they have every thing to fear from our violence; they guess that when their little ones are hatched, he who has already robbed them, will return and seize upon their tender family. If then this nest which you have been thus robbing, as I must call it, should be totally abandoned—tell me, would you not be sorry for it?

Yes, mamma, indeed, replied, little George; and I am sorry that I

meddled with the egg; but then I did not know a syllable of what you have been telling us; and thought no harm in bringing it to show my sister, which is all that I meant to do.

My little fellow, I can easily believe you, said the mother. Should you do bad actions for the pleasure which some suppose there is in doing them, you would in that case have a very wicked heart, and I should be quite sorry that I had such a son: but that I do not fear; for, on the contrary, I know you to be a very good boy.

Mamma, said the little girl, the nest, for I have seen it, out of which my brother took this egg, does not resemble in the least those swallow's nests that we see about our out-house roof. My dear child, said the mother, every nest is not alike; nor yet is every bird alike; for some are great, and others little. Some are never known to perch on trees, and others live at all times in them. Some are large and stupid, others small and full of industry and cunning. Some are beautiful beyond description in their plumage, which has half a dozen co-

lours ; others are of one dull colour. Some subsist on fruit, some go in quest of insects, and a multitude of others seize on smaller birds, and eat them.

Ah, the wicked creatures ! cried the little girl. I do not love these last, and should be glad to spoil their nests. So too would many others, said her mamma ; and therefore those great birds that constantly devour the less, construct their nests in places where they cannot easily be come at ; as for instance, in woods, and in the holes of rocks, where men appear but very seldom ; and

at heights beyond our reach, however skilful we may be in climbing.

Therefore, dearest children, since these birds are greatly different from each other, not only in size, but also in their way of life, and in the colour of their feathers, it is but reasonable that they should have nests different also from each other. Thus the lark which never lives in any tree, but sings, as you have heard her, mounting in the air, constructs her nest upon the ground; the swallow builds about the roofs of houses, under what we call the eaves; the owl, which people only

hear by night, seeks out old ruinous buildings, or some hollow tree to put her eggs in ; and the eagle which I shewed you yesterday flying above the clouds, and nearly out of sight, brings forth her young ones in the cliffs of craggy rocks. Those living round about us, make their nests in trees and hedges. Those that love the water, and who find their food therein, build theirs among those rushes that grow near it, upon little islands, and at times upon the shore itself.

If one of these fine days we go into the little valley at the bottom

of our large meadow, we shall see a number of these little creatures busy in selecting the materials they compose their nests of. One you will observe employed in carrying off a



wheaten straw ; another will have

in his beak some wool or feather, or dried leaves ; and very probably a third some moss. The swallow, by the border of a stream, you will take notice, moistens with the water which he takes up in his beak, a little bit of earth with which he builds his habitation. Such materials as are very coarse and solid, he will take to form the outside of his nest, but lines it with the softest and the warmest. Nay, there are some birds who pull out their own feathers to make up a more comfortable bed for their little ones.

They construct large nests, or

small ones, in proportion to the number of young birds that they are to hatch within them. Some will hang their nests up by a sort of thread, which thread they have the skill to form of flax, of different sorts of weeds, and of the webs of spiders. Others place it in the middle of a soft and gluey substance, whereunto they carefully stick many feathers. All do every thing in their power to make it strong and solid, and secure themselves from every enemy that instinct bids them fear, by resorting to retired and solitary places.

There they lay their eggs. The mother, and at times the father, sits upon them in the nest, with admirable perseverance. They are taught by nature, that the warmth proceeding from their body, when they sit upon these eggs, puts every thing within them into motion, and produces little creatures, which at last are strong enough to break the shell that holds them, and come forth.

You must have often seen a fly in winter, to appearance dead. You took it in your hands, and through the warmth proceeding from them, it was brought to life. It is nearly

thus with birds : the perseverance of the parents, when they brood upon their eggs, convert them into living creatures.

When the mother sits alone, the cock will bring her victuals, and sit by to please her with his music. When the little ones are once alive, they help them to get clear of their confinement in the egg. Their diligence is now redoubled ; they do every thing to nourish and defend them, and are constantly employed in this interesting office. They go very far indeed to get their food, and make an equal distribution

of it, every one receiving in its turn what they have brought. As long as they are very young and helpless, they contrive to bring them victuals suited to their delicacy; but when once they are grown strong and older, they provide them food more solid.

FINIS.



Trying to escape from Prison.

Tho' this fellow has made his escape,
The jailer does not care a fig,
He has nothing to cover his pate,
A thief has just stolen his wig.